



THE SANGUINIST

COLLEGE RELIGIOUS
BULLETIN

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

My Dear Students:

May God give you all a blessed Christmas. Pray for the men in the armed services of our country and let us all pray for a speedy and just peace. May the New Year be rich in spiritual gifts for all of us and may it bring us the peace we so ardently ask of God.

Sincerely,

Aloys Dirksen, C.P.S.

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The Spirit of Christmas



The cry of the new-born babe broke the silence of the calm, midnight hour, and all history was changed. Men and nations, if they would succeed, must hearken to that cry. As the shepherds, and later the Wise Men from the East, bowed low their heads to enter the white-chalked cave of Bethlehem; so today the rich and would-be-wise, no less than the common laborer and the whole nation at large must bow their heads in one glorious Act of Faith before the mystery of the Incarnation. *And the Word*

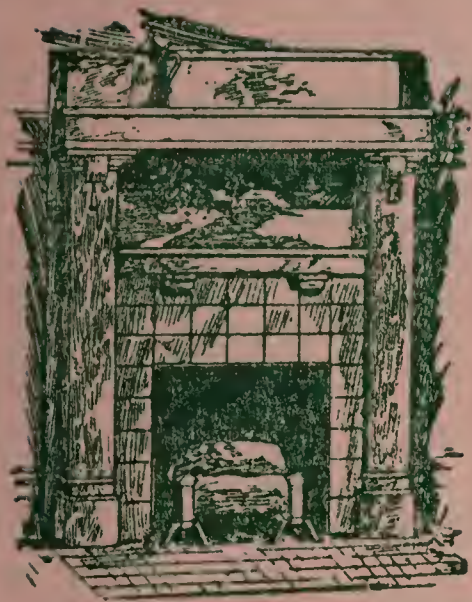
was made flesh . . . ! God became man so that man, participating through grace in the Divine Nature itself, could become like unto God.

To know true Christmas joy we must, while we erect a crib and tree in the home, raise up an even humbler manger and tree in the mansion of our own hearts. We cannot give what we ourselves do not have. To spread lasting Christmas cheer, our own souls must be aglow with the white garment of the grace of Faith, with the eternal evergreen of hope, and with the red light of love. The Spirit of Christmas must be a thing born within us—the Infant God in us.



“Peace On Earth to Men of Good Will”

Home For Christmas



More surely now than in time of peace shall we “go home for Christmas”—home to the real sense and feeling of the Feast of the Nativity, the beginning of our redemption.

We are tried by war: some lightly, as yet—some so bitterly that it is almost with diffidence one speaks to them of the joys of the season.

Yet, to those who have felt the hardest hurts of the war—the loss of loved ones or long separation from them—is reserved the purest and best consolation of Christmas. For them above all others it is a day that puts an end to despair as it ended, with fulfillment, man’s long wail for the Redeemer God had promised.

The war has lifted the temptation to accept as sound coin the counterfeits of Christmas that a pagan materialism had devised and which had deceived so many. Twinkling lights and jingling bells are poor balm for the deep misery of a world at war. This year, *we go home for Christmas* all the way to the manger at Bethlehem because we realize there is no other place to find Christmas.

We turn again to the song of the angels: “Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth among men of good will.” We make that hymn of praise our own and with humility we beseech the Infant Savior so to enlighten our minds and move our hearts that we may soon enjoy the blessing of peace on earth. (Columbia)

Communion On Christmas Morning

My soul is now a Bethlehem
Where love its vigil keeps,
My heart a humble crib wherein
My newborn Savior sleeps.

(Roderick Mac Eachen)

A Happy New Year

Happy New Year! Not an empty phrase, not a mere traditional greeting, but a heartfelt prayer we offer for God's peace and blessing upon you and your dear ones. Separations there will be and heartbreaks too. We cannot escape them this coming year.

In reaching for the exquisite rose, the hand is torn and bruised; in reaching for the joys of Easter Day, the heart is bled on Calvary. Out of the travail of pain, there comes the glow of life.

And so it is that out of the passion of this war will come the security of peace.

For this New Year we pray for strength, courage, and joy. We dare not be defeatists. Our smile, our willingness to meet sacrifice, our cheerful giving and doing are as necessary for the boys in the service as are guns and ammunition. And Christ will give us that strength and courage if we live close to Him.

Let us not pray for peace and victory because we are cowards and afraid. But let us rather pray for more sacrifice and suffering that Christ will be mindful of our oblation for our sins and the sins of the world. Out of the tears of our contrition will come the lasting peace; out of the blood of our sacrifice will come the thrill of victory.

NEW YEAR

The years are waxen tapers burning
One after one, with borrowed flame,
To light the way for souls returning
Home to heaven whence they came.

(R.M.)

